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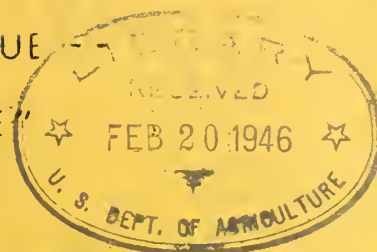


A FANTASY COME TRUE

"A HOLE IN ONE"

OR

"WE CAN'T LIVE WITH CLARK"



SPORTS, PATTEN AND NEWS

Volume 9, No. 71, July 27, 1944

To Members of the REAAA:

I wish to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to all Members of the REA Athletic Association for your confidence in electing me to head the Association during the new year. Also, in behalf of the Association, I wish to offer a vote of thanks to the retiring officers for the splendid work they have performed in making the past year one of the most successful in the history of the Association.

Charles E. Brown

GOLF SCORES

H. Killion	85	W. Woehler	85
L. Sturtevant	97	H. Clark	91
L. McWilliams	85	G. Lewis	115
J. W. Pyles	88	F. Miller	101
J. Cobb	91		

HIKING NOTES

The hikers played a game of hide and seek Sunday--one group waited at one place and one at another. After waiting a while both groups started their hike. One group decided to do nothing but sunbathing. The other group went on a long hike and returned via East St. Louis. Bill Inwall, Fin's new field auditor, had a good time they tell us. See next week's SPAN for details of next hike.

SOME STILL BELIEVE IN FAIRIES:

WANTED: Elec. refrigerator and gas or elec. range - Call 407.

WANTED: Washing machine, preferably newer model. - Mr. Stanton, Rm. 760.

WANTED: Roommate to share efficiency bedroom apt. Mrs. Ragland, Rm. 847.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Harold Clark Our Hero
Jim Cobb A Southpaw Gentleman
Fred Miller The Man From Minnesota
George Lewis A Nervous Kid

SCENE: 17th Tee, Crystal Lake Golf Course

CLARK: Say, Cobb, how long is this hole?

COBB: Oh, a little over 120 yards - you'll need a wood club.

CLARK: Well, it's down hill? I guess I can make it with my driver. I use a driver on all of 'em. (Clark grabs club from bag and after much grunting from exertion of teeing the ball--he gets ready for mighty effort. His backswing begins - ye gads! - He swings through without falling.)

LEWIS: (Sneering) Looks like you lifted your shoulder too much, Harold.

COBB: Yeah, Harold, and you should have used the other end of the club.

MILLER: Better take another ball - you won't be able to find that one in the tall grass, Harold. (In meantime ball has struck rock in deep rough and has been deflected toward green. All eyes are on its progress now - trickle-bump-roll --it shoots straight for the pin - hits the flag - bounds into the air - and plunk -- A HOLE IN ONE!!

LEWIS: (All excited) Oh gee.

CLARK: I knew it was a good shot when I hit the ball. Just think, only last week I made a seven on this hole - a slight improvement, eh!

DREAMS DO COME TRUE!!

When interviewed by SPAN, Mr. Clark smilingly told of this wondrous event and related an even more beautiful dream he had that evening. Showered with gifts of golf clubs, balls, medals money, movie contract, etc. - he hated to get up that morning.

DIDJAKNOWTHAT

A certain portly Adonis of the A&L who recently became the proud possessor of a tricycle (obtained thru the efforts of SPAN) which he firmly believed would be of great assistance in reducing the avoirdupois and the embonpoint, is now displaying blisters and lacerations on his once lily white hands and claims 'twas all the fault of Mary Lou who insisted upon the cutting of the hedge. Having just become a member of that not-to-be-sneezed-at "Hole-In-One-Club" and also it being the Sabbath he could not but think he was entitled to a day of rest and had visions of reposing the weary torso after that memorable jaunt over the greens in pursuit of the little white sphere - seems Mary Lou had different ideas. It may be 'twas the hedge cutting which caused the blemishes but the latest reports from our scouts declare he's suffering from a bad attack of shuffling and dealing and too much sittin' too, too long in one place - even unto the wee small hours of the a.m. And 'twas a sad, sad tale which R. Thompson brought back from a.l'ing in California. Ruth, who has worked so long in Legal that she has no faith in anything she hears and only a wee bit in what she sees couldn't believe 'twas a real idol of the cinema exerting his charms on a lovely lady, only to return and find his winning smile shining at her from the pages of the photogravure, and is she in a dither. Be philosophical, my dear, always go on the premise that "you can't win" and 'twon't seem too bad then. The St. L. temperature and the efficiency of Mrs. Pigeon at last brought forth the little feathered darlin's in the Legal Diviz. Mama and Papa are both doing well and are now taking short trips foraging for nice, fat, juicy worms for their off-springs 'though they would not be too anxious to fatten the brood if they could but read the sign now flaunted on the door of Skinner & Ziegler, Inc. Always with an eye to business the sign reads "Squabs for Sale" and looks as though our fine feathered friends were doomed to a short life but we hope a merry one. betcha they want points, too, the brutes. Another Legaler, one J. H. Crevasse, is being very smug on account of a certain bet which he won on the nomination of a certain V.P. Elect while the engineer who was the party of the second part is still wondering just how he was inveigled into that one. Oh, my, my, my - what might have been a national scandal was averted last week when a certain femme came out of a four year's coma and had the beneficiary on her retirement changed. 'ROUND THE TOWN WITH WINCHELL: A. Hoffelmeyer and M. Gillam a.l'ing where they can get all the aspirin they may want or need - St. Jo, Mo.; the loss to the Legal Diviz but the gain to the

American Red Cross with the departure of A. Kamenstein for duty overseas; Estelle Burke with a long looked for V-note from sonny who is now somewhere on the Normandy front, while Ray Eareckson, apple of Mary Bohannon's eye, V-notes he's joined a glider unit on account of he likes those shoes what you can stick your pants in and no little "points" required either; G. Folckemer back from a.l'ing with a gorgeous suntan; M. Thurber resting between now and August 6 when he goes to join the U.S.N. while Mr. Wm. Lawson carries on in Milt's place; John Scott, who used to be "Scotty" of the Fins, now Captain Scott, if you please, stationed at Atlanta, Ga.; J. Coombs, a legaler of Kansas City, temporarily legaling with REA; Doug Smith final arbiter in that fine old con game - heads I win, tails you lose; Mr. Shipp, of the Fin. Shipp, absolutely sans any reservations except via Arizona 14, tsk! tsk!; A. Vernier's sister, Lillian, getting as close to REA as possible but just missing it. She's now holding forth on the 4th floor with the USDA and right next to the Management Diviz but 'salright 'cause she's protected on the other side by the Insecticide Section of something or other; W. Bigelow flirting with the idea of taking his troubles to a V.P. Elect but he'd better watch out - 'member Mr. Hatch, Walter; Lt. Edward Motor, former trainee, calling to say howdo; Ed. Knight, FC3/C, USN, former Fin, ditto; F.P. Wood trying to bamboozle the bus company out of a fare - no soap - he lost; them pants in Info - 'tis the color that blinds; Pvt. A. Korpi dropping in to say HI; G. Moore, Fin, detained in Ky. because of illness which 'tis hoped won't be too long; Eve wending her way toward Tacoma, Wash. to join Pvt. Bushong; AND now 'tis time to say goodbye so with oceans of love this is your Jerk of a Reporter, who hopes that the next one leaves a shred of your reputations, signing off -

SPAN is published by the REA Athletic Association for employees of REA
F. Speh, Editor, S. Norton Associate Editor. Signed contributions are welcome and should be sent to F. Speh, Room 1050.